

## POINTS FOR CAMPERS.

ED MOTT TELLS HOW NOT TO MAKE A GOOD CAMP FIRE.

He Also Explains Just How to Do It Most Successfully—How to Cook in Camp—Some Other Matters of Practical Interest.

[Special Correspondence.]  
HARRISBURG, Pa., June 24.—Love of the woods is an inborn trait of American character, but love for the woods and a genius for living comfortably and enjoyably in them even for a short time are quite different things. There are those who cannot only live comfortably in the woods, whether the time is winter or summer, but who can fare sumptuously the while, although depending almost entirely on the woods themselves for the means wherewith to do it. But such are not of the army of campers.

Let him make up his mind what direction to take, and above all not forget that unless guided by some stationary mark in that direction, he will soon have veered far out of his course. Therefore, the first camper must fix his eye on some particular tree or other mark in the landscape, and walk straight to it. From that point he must look back and see that he is on an unusually large and wide country in which such a course will not in a few hours, at most, bring him to his camp or landmarks by which it may be easily found. If the amateur woodsman loses his head when he finds himself lost he will at once begin to plunge aimlessly and insanely about in the forest, and unless assisted by some one, he will never find his way out. Even experienced guides have been known to meet death in the woods through losing control of themselves when lost in strange regions.

Ed Mott.

Californians and New Yorkers. As contrasted with New Yorkers impress on most favorably in one respect. It is indeed a curious study to compare the two camps. In the morning, and watch the intensity of the faces as the men arrange themselves by the hundreds around the ferry cabin walls and literally behind an almost solid screen of newspapers. It is rare to notice a man of recognition between the people. Every one is intent upon his own affairs and apparently has no thought of his neighbor or fellow passengers.

On a ferryboat crossing the bay from Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley to San Francisco an eastern man is struck with the freedom and rollicking spirit of business men. But few appear to take much interest in the papers. If they do they leave them behind before leaving their homes. On the boats they gather in groups and exchange yarns, or crack jokes, or play much as boys at school. Every one seems to be bubbling over with good humor, and the acquaintance half seems to be general.

These men appear to be none the less acute in driving bargains, nor less diligent in transacting business in general. A stranger is given more attention by far here than in New York. If the fact becomes known that you are a recent arrival and seeking business connections, they find time to go with you and introduce you to the men you have occasion to meet.

In New York, if a stranger speaks to one, he is looked upon as having some scheme to perpetrate or may be as a bunco stealer. The Californian, on the other hand, is ready at all times to give you information about the city, in general and his line of business in particular. He does not hesitate to stick you for a high price for what he has to sell, but he does it so good naturedly that you do not mind it. The Southern Pacific railroad is made the scapegoat for any apparent pressure put upon you in buying. If you tell one that you can get the same article in the east at a liberal discount from his figures he readily agrees with you, but adds that the monopoly in overland freight traffic accounts for the great difference in prices. The railroad gets the advance for carrying the article. If it is something made on the coast the high freights are none the less to blame for the price. In fact the railroads here serve the cause, perhaps as a high protective tariff as a means of keeping up prices. An effort is now being made, on paper at least, to stimulate a competing line to the coast. But it appears that the Huntington system has dropped out of the commercial system, and it is not likely soon to reappear.

B. G. W.

A Successful Insurance Agent.

There is in this city a general agent of a life insurance company—a small out of town company—whose income is over \$12,000 a year. A little more than ten years ago he was earning about \$1,000 a year as a compositor on a western newspaper. A reason he gives for his comfortable success is that he adhered to a determination to converse with seven men on the subject of his business and his company every day.

—New York Sun.

The Population of Africa.

Under the name of the International State of Congo its government was organized after the manner of the German language, Belgian administration, and it entered fully equipped into the family of nations. There is within its area, which, as said, is thirty-three times that of Belgium, a population of 10,000,000 whites, black mechanics, officials and employees, and the estimated number of natives within its borders is about 40,000,000. In the whole Congo basin is estimated at about 50,000,000.

Africa is about three times the area of Europe or 12,000,000 square miles, and some writers estimate it to contain about an equal population—325,000,000 souls. The enormous trade developing there comes mainly from the narrow sea, which separates the mountains from the sea. It is a great basin, composed of plateaus, gradually ascending to 7,000 feet at some of the central lakes. It has four great river systems. At the west the Congo, second only to the Amazon in volume of its waters, and the Niger; on the north the Nile; on the east the Zambesi. These rivers once formed vast internal seas, which finally breaking through the mountain barriers, have descended by cataraacts and canyons to the ocean, leaving great areas of rich deposits of wonderful fertility. —Col. Henry Sanford in Forum.

A Missing King.

Harold—Why so sad, Mand; has not my avowed the true ring?

Mand—Yes, Harry, darling; but my finger hasn't as yet—Jewellers Weekly.

He Didn't Succeed.

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A Remarkable Tenant.

"What sort of a tenant is Grabber?" "First rate. He's lived in my house for two years and I never once asked for a new foundation for it." —New York Sun.

Her Married Name.

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He—Excuse me; but how have I offended you? She—With dignity—Sir, I would have you remember that I have a handle to my name.

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Two Auroras.

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He (on his knees)—I have never, never loved anyone else in my life! She—Let me see! You are 36 years old, aren't you?

"Yes, darling." "And have never loved anyone?" "No, darling."

"I don't want you, then. A man who is fool enough not to fall in love before he's 26 is no use." —Lawrence American.

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Jack—True, Molly; but a philosopher has told us that one is always given—If you want it, not one's own. —If you were mine I would not give you away. —Exchange.

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Clara to Charlie, who has just kissed her—Sir! Charlie (confusedly)—Ahem—I—I am—Clara (reluctantly)—No—Sorry, I presume? Charlie (with conviction)—No—not sorry—but I beg your pardon. —Exchange.

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